THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOL. 7. APRIL, 1894. NO. 9

KASHMIR.

JOSEPHINE L. WHITE.

[Continued from March number.]

AS they approached the city they noticed the temple-crowned mount and were told that they were looking at the Takht-i-Suleiman, and the old fort was pointed out to them. The chief streets in Srinagar are water ones, and of these the Jhelum river is the best, as the finest shops are on its banks. In the city this river is crossed by seven bridges. These bridges are built entirely of deodar logs and are hundreds of years old. Near the first bridge a great curve of the river was cut off by entering the Kut-i-kul canal, which rejoins the Jhelum near the seventh bridge, Their boat as it entered this main waterway, was surrounded by smaller boats, the boats of merchants who brought their wares in hopes of making a sale. Prominent among these were the coppersmiths and *papier maehe* merchants. These men brought their boats close up and kept beside the larger boat. They held their goods up in their hands and kept saying, "Please see my goods. Don't buy. I don't want money now. Only see," and all this in English.

Finally they got to Moonshi Bagh, and after a little wait succeeded in getting one suite of rooms in one of the barrack-like buildings which have been built for the accommodation of visitors. These houses face the river and are very pleasantly situated. Visits were paid to the shops in the city. They saw rare and costly Cashmere shawls being made, and many really pretty things for sale. Everywhere they were beset by merchants who wished to sell something. Most amusing was the manner of these men. One with hands clasped kept saying over and over, "Kindly excuse me for troubling, but please remember my face." Many times they heard, "We hope to sell you many things."

There is a quaintness and picturesqueness about this old city of 100,000 inhabitants and its surroundings that is charming. The city itself is very filthy, and the few streets that are not water ones are narrow and dirty. The palace of the Maharaja was not a fine building, but a new one was in course of construction. It is on the bank of the Jhelum at

the upper end of the city and comes down to the waters' edge. Beside the palace there were always a lot of state barges moored, and these were of many forms and colors. The better houses all have projecting balconies, and about them there is a great deal of quaint wood work. The river is broad and many boats are passing and repassing. All around rise the high mountains which surround the valley. Just back of Moonshi Bagh rises the Takht-i Suleiman to the height of 1000 feet above the plain. It is crowned by the temple, which is believed to be the earliest of all the temples in Kashmir. A visit was paid to this old temple, which dates from the reign of Raja Gopadity. The horrid idol kept within this temple is still worshiped. A fine view of the city of Srinagar and of the Dhal lake, which lie just at its base, is obtained from the top of this mount. These are most clearly mapped. Most beautiful is the view up and down the valley, the river winding through the lovely green plain, the blue lakes, and, rising high above it all, the great snow-crowned mountains.

After this they joined some English friends and went to Nasim Bagh, a beautiful grove of fine old chenar trees on the borders of the Dhal lake. It is some height above the lake and is a most delightful camping ground. The Dhal is a lovely lake of beautifully clear water, five miles in length and two in width. A part of it is covered with aquatic plants, through which roads are cut for the boats. Here the lotus lily is found in the wildest profusion. In it are some artificial islands, and on it are many floating gardens. On three sides of the Dhal the mountains rise up to from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. At their base, coming to the water's edge, are villages and fine old gardens dating from the time of Jehoangis, who built these and other renowned gardens, scattered over the state to please his beautiful and strong-minded queen, Nur Mahal. Every afternoon an excursion was made to one of these places. The most imposing of these gardens is the Shalimar gardens, a walled enclosure built on four terraces, which are planted with trees. Down the middle is a water course of masonry. At the end of each terrace is a waterfall, and by these are built summer houses. On the highest terrace is a very fine hall, the verandah of which is supported by pillars of polished black marble. The hall is surrounded by water, which flows in a water course of masonry, in which are many fountains. This was set apart for the Emperor's zenana, and was known as the "Abode of Love."

Life in this place passed as in a beautiful dream. Kashmir was thought of only as the "Happy Valley." The miserable poverty, the filth in which thousands of its inhabitants live, was entirely obscured by the beauty of the surroundings and the evidences of the wealth of former rulers.

IN MEMORIAM.—A. L. O. E.

"Sorrow not for her joy
Rather might we grieve that the Master hath not called us likewise!"

—CONLING CASTLE.

CHARLOTTE MARIA TUCKER, better known to the English public by her nom de plume, A. L. O. E. (a Lady of England), was born in 1821, and spent her early life in her parents' home in Portland Place, to which she was much attached. She with her parents attended the church of Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone. It is interesting to note that, up to the time of her death on Wednesday mornings and evenings a missionary prayer is used at

services, and for sometime they have been accustomed to mention Charlotte Tucker's connection with this parish.

Her father was a member of the Bengal civil service, and while holding the office of Accountant General, received the warm thanks of Marquis of Wellesley, then governor general of India, for his successful administration of the finances. In 1811 Mr. Tucker married Miss Jane Boswell, of North Caverse in Scotland, and a few years subsequent resigned the service. He was shortly after elected director of East India company, and twice held the office of chairman of the Court of Directors. Miss Tucker seems to have spent a very happy childhood, and her niece, who styles her one of her dearest friends since childhood, writes that they remember her entering into society and entertaining her parents' guests with graceful and pleasing manner. The summer in particular spent at Valmer brought them into intimacy with the Duke of Wellington, which they greatly enjoyed. It was about this time that we see her as an author. The late Mr. Robert Inglis (of the firm of Messrs. Galt and Inglis) spoke of having first seen Miss Tucker in Edinburgh. Then she was a winsome girl of 18 or 20. The variety presented by her books divulges an immense amount of reading on her part, and her being conversant with most of the burning questions of the day. Each furnished a theme for her books. Thus "In a Spider's Web," the Indian mutiny is seen; "War and Peace," the retreat from Cabul, a book very popular at that time. As a writer of allegories for children she is perhaps unequalled, and there is a vein of humor in much of her writing, which was a strong characteristic of hers.

After she went to India almost every year she gave a book for English publication, but she never let it interfere with her missionary work. When she joined the Indian Female Normal School Society in 1875, she was reminded, in the valedictory address, that she was about to consecrate, in a higher degree, to the Saviour's service as a missionary to the heathen, those literary powers which for many years past she had so diligently used in the Master's cause as the authoress of many religious and useful books, and that she would find great scope for exercising the talents God had blessed her with in contributing largely to the Christian literature of India; and she industriously worked with her pen, during her 18 years of Indian life, at first studying the vernacular so as to be able to superintend the translation of her books into the various languages in which they are reproduced. Some of her Indian stories have done much to interest people at home. The quaintness of their garb, written for Eastern readers, she thought might make them as acceptable as the Indian ornaments and curios we have about our English homes.

In her quiet, well-ordered home she would read aloud her manuscript to her young nieces and friends, for criticism, she said—but to their great delight, admiration being their criticism. She was always so bright, kind and unselfish, we are told by one who loved her well, full of vivacity and buoyancy, whilst her sympathetic spirit made her dear to old and young alike.

Her father died in 1851, which was a great grief to all the family. In succession she lost a precious brother and sister, a niece and her mother. The brother, Robert Tudor Tucker, was an Indian judge who perished in the mutiny, and to whom she was devotedly attached. These deaths one by one helped break up the old home, and soon after we find her determining to seek the land where her dear ones were laid to rest as a missionary to the heathen Mohammedans. For some time before she went to India,

she would rise very early and study the language, a plucky task at middle age, and she had learnt to read Urdu, and committed some of the gospels and hymns to memory before she set sail. As Sabbath-school teacher and visitor of the poor, she was privileged in later days to reap some fruits in the interest taken by her scholars and poor people in her mission work, and some of their silver and gold went out to India to help in building the church of the Epiphany at Batala. Accordingly, in October, 1875, at the age of 54, she set sail for India, her destination being Amritsar, the great Sikh commercial capital of the Punjab. On landing at Bombay we find her at a gathering of native ladies at an evening party there. Several nationalities were represented. She began her missionary work at once by opening out an illustrated Hindustani wallpaper with the Prodigal Son depicted, and, having already learned the parable by heart, she repeated it to her listeners. Her own very scanty stock of Hindustani just enables her at the end to explain that this father in the parable represents God, and that God is love. On arrival at Amritsar she took her place among the other lady missionaries already at work there, and one of them gives first impressions of A. L. O. E., as follows:

"She came to us one bright morning, and instantly our hearts went out to the gentle lady. Her soft grey hair, drawn smoothly away from a fine brow, her dear eyes full of intelligence, and the frank sweet smile playing over her features, made hers a very attractive face. How thoughtful she was for the comfort of others; how keenly she appreciated what was good and beautiful around her. Her generosity and unselfishness found an outlet even in the warm wraps and fur lined cloaks sent out to her at various times, but which she always handed on to some one whose need was greater than her own. But it must not be deemed there was no strength of character underlying nor a power of will. Dr. H. M. Clark, who attended her in her last illness, tells us that after death he never saw a face so altered. It became a face of massive power, more like that of the Duke of Wellington than anything else, the nose particularly so, and the jaw—a strong, massive, determined, powerful face. I suppose, he adds, the power was always there, but masked by the habitual gentleness and tender consideration for all around, which was so beautiful a feature in her beautiful character."

She threw herself into the work at once, was favorably impressed with all that was going, on, whether amongst *wild flowers* as she styled the villages, the shut up plants of the conservatory typical of the purdah women; or the cultivated parterre of the Christian schools. She had a high ideal of what a missionary should be, and dwelt on this theme in several pithy letters and articles addressed to possible candidates. "What a pattern of a missionary," exclaims a new comer, full of self-denying love for God's true servants. How briskly she climbed up narrow and steep staircases, and with what zeal and love she proclaimed the glad news, whilst she would join in games, prepare treats for old and young, and ever advocate cheerfulness and laughter, which is as good as medicine to the worker in India. Some rules and regulations she drew up in this spirit we here transcribe written about this time:

"RULES AND REGULATIONS, AMRITSAR MISSION BUNGALOW.

The mission Miss Sahibas must never complain,
The mission Miss Sahibas must temper restrain;
Must never be fanciful, foolish or vain.
The mission Miss Sahibas in dress must be plain.
The mission Miss Sahibas must furnish their heads
With two or three languages; knowledge obtain;
When weary or puzzled must try, try again:
We cannot learn grammar by legerdemain.

The mission Miss Sahibas must thread every lane,
Climb ladder-like stairs without fearing a sprain.
The mission Miss Sahibas must grasp well the rein.
The mission Miss Sahibas must not look for gain,
Though doctoring sick-folks like Jenner or Quain.

The mission Miss Sahibas must from late hours refrain,
For they must rise early and bear a hard strain,
Like vigorous cart-horses drawing a wain,
That pull well together when yoked twain and twain.
The mission Miss Sahibas must work might and main,
And therefore good nourishment should not disdain,
Or danger is great of their going insane.

The mission Miss Sahibas must *topis retain ;
Must guard against sunstroke, to health such a bane.
And 'midst frogs and mosquitoes must patient remain—
Yes, e'en when tormented must smile through their pain,
And with courage like that of the Knights of Charlemagne.
By mission Miss Sahibas snakes should be slain.

The mission Miss Sahibas should sow well the grain;
Dark babies should fondle, dark women should train,
And Bibis and Begums at times entertain ;
Should smile and should soothe, but not flatter or feign,
And to usefulness thus they may hope to attain.

N. B.—Let all mission Miss Sahibas *single* remain,
For if not, they step out of their proper domain,
And can never be mission Miss Sahibas again."

After several visits paid to Batala, which is a town some twenty-four miles from Amritsar, she settled down there and remained there up to the time of her last illness. In 1878 the Rev. F. Baring, cousin of Earl Northbrook, permanently occupied this station of the C. M. S. and established and endowed a boarding school there for Christian boys. Miss Tucker greatly assisted Mr. Baring in this noble work, and in addition to her special work as general missionary and her literary work, which was yearly increasing as the knowledge of the people she wrote for increased, she realized Kingsley's beautiful conception of the fairy, Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, amongst the water-babies, now by the sick bed of an invalid, now leading singing and playing the harmonium at daily worship, now "coaching" a boy for an examination, now wriing Batala songs to stirring tunes, to be sung in school-boy chorus, sharing their interests, their joys and their sorrows, and by her gentle and wise influence insensibly forming their character. Let one quotation from a prologue written by her suffice. It was spoken with much spirit by the son of the one Christian who preached in Kafirstan :

The Giver of all good to glorify,
Let all in supplication join with me,
That in God's temple through eternity,
Batala boys bright living stones may be;
Joined now by mortar of true Christian love,
United then in happiness above;
Boys, Masters, Chief and Founder, meet on high!

The late Bishop of Lahore (Dr. T. V. French) writes of her at this time: "I saw A. L. O. E. at Batala, a well-known name of which our English church may well be proud, who besides translations of her works and work in the zenanas of Hindu and Mohammedan homes, toils on unceasingly, and for a whole year in the absence of the missionary in charge presided over a Christian native boarding-school of forty boys."

At first she occupied a large apartment in the Singh's palace, then containing a boarding-school for the boys. It was not very palatial, especially when the writer first visited her there. In the cold season in January, with a chimney that smoked, the only window not free from broken panes, a small table on which her writing desk was placed, there sat A. L. O. E., a small chimney lamp beside her making darkness visible. The end was curtained off as her sleeping apartment. No wonder she was indignant at the palace being shown at a slide lecture as "Miss Tucker's house." "What," spectators may well exclaim, "a humble missionary the owner of a palace!" Later on she built a small house consisting of one large and two small rooms, entitled Gurrubi Ajtab, or "Sunset" beside the ladies' mission bungalow, "Sonnenschein." She had a great dislike to globe-trotters coming to Batala to see her, and who wasted her time, being lionized as it were. One day, being hard pressed, she wrote :

Ride a fat hen
To Sonnenschein then,
To see an old lady who handles a pen.
No rings on her fingers, nor bells on her toes,
For she won't blow a trumpet wherever she goes,

Her life was one of regularity, passed in visiting in the zenanas daily, and where she paid thousands of visits, not only proclaiming the good news, but weeping with those who wept, and joining in their happiness; sometimes, but not always, courteously received. Then she would visit the villages round twice a week or so. She only allowed herself four weeks of holiday in the year as a rule, and,

*Sun hats made of pith.

strange to English readers, she felt the cold in India more than the heat. This last year she was called back from her little holiday at Simla where she was staying with Mr. Mackworth Young, financial commissioner, in whose house she had often found refreshment. She seemed unusually well, full of life and character. She had made a trying journey to the consecration of a church at B—— at the beginning of the cold season, refusing to remain out the night as it would interfere with her work the next day. On her return she seemed very tired and had caught cold. Yet we find her at work and bidding good bye to some missionaries going out into camp, looking quite bright and even playful in her manner. Then in her unselfishness she undertook to nurse the school matron through fever and bronchitis, waiting upon her and reading to her, passing from the warm room into the night chill to her "Sunset" home. It was not till she had telegraphed for a nurse to take her place that she gave in and went to bed thoroughly done up. It was thought advisable to bring her into Amritsar, to be near a doctor, and so where she began her mission work, she ended it. The fever left her; she was longing to go and be with Christ, and the thought she was going probably raised her spirits and lowered her temperature. But the doctor thought it was fighting a losing battle, and her mission sisters did all they could trusting that God would perfect that which concerneth her. She was quite cross with the doctor one day for doing so much to keep "an old woman whose work was done and who was longing to go." Those who watched her could distinguish the words "quickly," the last prayer in the Revelations, and on the eve of advent Sabbath she heard the glad call and went to meet her loved Master.

She had given every direction as to her funeral and other arrangements, even to the hymns to be sung at her grave. She disliked the idea of a coffin, and had desired that no one in India should go in mourning for her, or that more than 5 rupees should be spent on her funeral. Dr. H. W. Clark, who had attended to her to the last with loving care, arranged for all. The body was placed on a native *charpai* and sent back to Batala. The chariot bier, attended by the dear Batala boys, who were eager for the service, passed along the country road till it reached Batala, then it was placed in the entrance to the chancel of the church of the Epiphany. Loving hands placed flowers, wreaths and floral crosses upon it, and again the boys whom she loved shared the watches through that day and night.

Next day all who could, came from all the stations around, and a goodly congregation assembled. The sermon was preached by the veteran missionary of the Punjab, the Rev. Dr. Clark, who dwelt on Miss Tucker's home position, renunciation and life work at Batala, and pointed to her life, and what lay there of her as the witness she had borne to Christ the Savior of the world.

Then they wended their way to the Christian cemetery, a noble procession largely attended by boys from the Baring high school and the Tucker Baring middle school, which she had founded. With tears in their eyes they sang the hymns she wished, the steady march of the boys who bore her, their quiet readiness to relieve each other being noticed by some. They lowered her into her last resting place "till He come." Many of the women who loved her then came, as the funeral party went off, to take a last look and to wail at the grave. Who could be thrown with Miss Tucker and not know the meaning of a life of Christian self-sacrifice? She *lived* it, whilst others do but *talk* it.

GRACE GARDINER.

London, England.

IF THEY ONLY KNEW.

A leaflet by Mary L. Ninde. Published by W. F. M. S. of M. E. Church.

NOTE.—This leaflet should be read in every Society to show what the failure to meet society pledges means to the work. M. C. P.

IT was the month of June, and the afternoon of the Young Ladies' F. M. Society in the fashionable church at C——. The soft breeze that stole in through the open windows of the class-room touched lightly the cheeks of the groups of girls who were engaging a little listlessly in the "opening exercises." When these were over, the president rose and said, "We have not arranged any literary program for to-day, as Commencement is so near, and everyone is so busy. But I have an important item of business to present to the society. You know we are supporting a Bible-woman in India, and you all probably know too that we are almost two quarters behind with our payments. There is only $2.47 in the treasury. The question is, what shall we do?"

There was a moment's silence, then a voice broke out decidedly:

"I move we make a desperate effort to pay this debt, then keep out of trouble another year by not taking any special work. Ever since we have had this Bible-woman, it has been the same old story of arrears and an empty treasury, and I am getting tired of it."

"But you know we thought some special work would be just the stimulus our society needed," protested sweet-faced Mabel.

"Yes, and so it was for a time, but our interest seems to be dying out."

"How do you propose raising this money?" asked a pretty blonde in a stylish summer habit. "It is dreadfully hard to get up entertainments in warm weather."

"So hard, that a whole day at tennis in the blazing sun is nothing compared to it," mischievously retorted a companion; and half a dozen joined in a good-natured laugh at the expense of the tennis devotee.

"O, the best way will be to make up the amount out of our pin-money," said one; "but I agree with Clare that in the future we had better not assume obligations we are not sure we can meet easily."

"Miss President!"

The speaker was a quiet, plainly dressed girl who sat in a corner. She was a clerk in a small shop, but usually managed to get off for an hour or two every month to attend this meeting.

"Miss President," she said, "I should be very sorry to have this Bible-woman given up. It seems to me it is our duty to go on with her support now we have begun. I, for one, am willing to do all I can to help."

"And so are we all," the president hastened to add, with a twinge of conscience at her own secret willingness to throw off responsibility.

"Why, of course," cried Clare; "it isn't that we aren't willing. Only the weight of a burden resting on us that we feel *must* be lifted, no matter what happens, is rather depressing. We will pay our dues just the same and raise all the money we can besides."

"And may be such a tide of prosperity will pour in upon us next year that we shall be able to support two Bible-women. Who knows!" laughed the tennis-player.

So it was voted almost unanimously to make up from private contributions the deficit in the Bible-woman's salary, and at the close of the year to drop her.

"She is such a load off my mind," said one member to another.

"Yes," was the reply, "and it isn't as it bye and bye we cannot take up some work if we want to."

A few minutes later the light-hearted girls were sauntering away from the church, in little companies of twos and threes, while the far-away heathen and their unreal needs were forgotten in an animated discussion of prize essays and graduating suits.

* * * * * *

On a hot dusty plain in Central India stands a poor little Hindu village. One morning in spring, when the scorching winds that precede the monsoon were beginning to blow, and the air was dry and oppressive, an unusual stir might have been seen among the people, and busy preparations for a season of feasting and merry-making. In one of the mud huts, surrounded by a group of chattering women, is a young girl, with large, glowing eyes, and face eager and expectant.

Lachhmi is to be married to-day, and she is happier than she has ever been before in all her her short life. Not because she is soon to wed the one she loves, for she has never seen her future husband, but on account of the new yellow *sari* that is draped about her slender form, and the abundant jewels she wears. Poor enough ornaments they are, but the cheap glass bracelets and heavy pewter rings that encircle the delicate ankles, seem beautiful in Lachhmi's eyes.

The ceremony proceeds, and at last the supreme moment arrives when the bride is presented to her husband. The *sari* is thrown back from her face, and for one brief instant Lachhmi raises her eyes timidly to meet those bent upon her. Only one glance, then with a swift recoil of horror, she sinks back faint and gasping. Great beads of perspiration start to her forehead, as the awful truth forces itself upon the poor girl that she is married to—a leper! A leper! and her father knew this all the time—even arranged the betrothal himself—and yet did not tell his child! Lachhmi turns to him with such a look of appealing agony in her face, that it seems as if a heart of stone would be melted by it. Her eyes fill with scalding tears and her lips quiver. But she does not cry out—she is very quiet. Hindu girls are taught to suffer in silence; they have no redress. Besides, in this case, what good would it do to speak? It is *too late*.

Lachhmi now lives at the home of her husband's parents. Her mother-in-law is cold and stern. One day, when Lachhmi forgets Hindu etiquette so far as to raise her eyes in the presence of this new mother, she receives such a beating, that she will carry the marks of it as long as she lives. She has to do nearly all the work of the house. She scours the brass dishes, helps to cook the food, and draws water from the deep well that stands in the court-yard, though the heavy bucket makes her back ache terribly. At night, after the men have finished their ten o'clock dinner, and the women are allowed to have something, she is often too tired to eat, and only longs to rest her tired limbs on the rude little bed in the corner. But she could bear it all bravely, if she just had the one thing for which her heart is most hungry, and that is love. She is naturally such a clinging, affectionate little creature, that she would not find it hard to love her husband, in spite of his affliction, if he would let her. But his misfortune has soured his temper, and though his disease is only in its earliest stages, its shadow is always over him, and makes him more harsh and neglectful than he would otherwise be.

Seven years pass, and Lachhmi, still a very young woman, looks old and faded. Her life is not a loveless one, for three little girls cling to her *sari* and call her mother. But her husband is cross and miserable because he has no son. "W

475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N. Y.

are girls good for!"—he cries angrily—"mine will only bring me a small marriage portion, because they are the daughters of a leper. I wish I had drowned them the day they were born!"

Even to Lachhmi the children are not the comfort they would have been once. Sorrow seems to be drying up the fountains of her heart. She scarcely knows what it is to feel deeply any more.

In the inner court of her home, fastened to one of the walls, is a little shrine. It contains the household gods, and every morning fresh water is placed there, and a small handful of rice and grain. One day, as Lachhmi is making her usual offering, she gets to wondering whether these gods, whose wants she supplies so regularly, ever think of her. Do they know she is not happy? Are they sorry for her? The thought is so much in her mind, that after a while she ventures to speak to her mother-in-law about it. A scornful laugh is the reply. "Do you suppose the gods care for you or any other woman? Do not the priests tell us we are beneath their notice?—that our ears are too polluted to listen even to the reading of the most holy Shasters?"

Lachhmi says nothing more, but every day she grows weaker and weaker. What has she to live for—what to hope for now?

But one lovely winter morning, an unexpected joy comes into her life.

The news flies through the village that a "Miss Sahiba," a missionary from a neighboring city, has come to visit the women. She goes to a house not far from Lachhmi's home, and there the women flock together, to hear her talk and sing. How Lachhmi longs to hear her too! She never saw a white face but once in her life, and that was years ago at a *mela* when she was a little child. Why should she not go with the others to the neighbors' house? She has not yet shown any signs of the leprosy, and could not harm the teacher. In her eagerness Lachhmi gathers courage to ask permission of her husband.

"Of what use is it for Miss Sahiba to waste her time in teaching women who are no better than cows!" he exclaimed insolently. "But if the teaching can do them no good, neither will it do them harm. Yes, Lachhmi may go if she likes." Calling her little girls to her, she stepped quickly across the flat roofs of the intervening houses, and sits down with the others at the feet of the missionary. The children scream with fright at the sight of a foreigner, but the mother soon quiets them, and then listens with eager intentness to what the teacher is saying. She is talking about a god, one that Lachhmi never heard of before, who was killed by some wicked people. He must have been a kind god, for he was not angry at his enemies, only sorry for them. But Lachhmi cannot understand about it, and she is too timid to ask questions, so she just sits still and looks hungrily into the sweet face of the foreign lady. The teacher is young—not much older than Lachhmi herself. She has just told one of the women she is not married, which is very strange. Were her parents not able to get her a husband? But then, thinks the Hindu girl, why should she want one?—and her thoughts fly back to her childhood days in her own home, the only really happy days she can remember, and as she compares that time with the present, her heart throbs, and her great dark eyes dilate with suppressed feeling. At last she can bear it no longer and breaks out impetuously—"Miss Sahiba, Miss Sahib! don't ever get married, it is hell to be married!"

The missionary is startled,—there is such a ring of hopeless anguish in that young voice,—but recovering herself she says consolingly, "Never mind, Lachhmi,

you have your children to comfort you."

"I have no children," is the reply.

"No children? Why, is not that your little girl you are holding in your lap?"

Lachhmi looks down at the sleeping child and is silent a moment, then she says slowly, "I have three of these things but they are only girls."

Too pained to talk any more, the missionary sings a few *bhajans*, and then prepares to leave. The women crowd around her. "When will you come again?" they ask. "To-morrow?" "Come very soon."

The lady smiles, "I cannot come for a long time, but my Bible-woman will visit you and will tell you many things about the loving Jesus."

A few days later the Bible-woman comes, and after that she visits the village regularly once every week and sometimes twice. The women like her, and as she is a Hindu, they can understand what she says better than when the Miss Sahiba speaks. Lachhmi goes to see her whenever she can get permission. She looks forward to these visits with almost painful eagerness. They are bringing a glimmer of sunshine into the poor girl's life. The good words from the Bible are like balm to her troubled spirit. Not that her darkened, untaught mind grasps much of their meaning, but they soothe and comfort her, without her really knowing how or why.

"I wish I could understaud the lessons better," Lachhmi says to herself; "I will listen carefully, and perhaps bye-and-bye I will."

One morning, after about two months, the Bible-teacher meets the women with a sober face. When the lesson is over she says very sadly, "I cannot come to you any more."

"Cannot come any more?" echo a chorus of voices in dismay.

"No;the Miss Sahiba has not any money to support me. The people far away over the sea, who used to send it to her, wrote a letter, and said they could not take care of me any longer. So I must stop teaching. O Lachhmi! poor Lachhmi! do not look at me that way!" and the tender-hearted Hindu burst into tears.

But Lachhmi does not cry. She only keeps repeating in a dreary monotone, "Not come any more!" The one little star that for a few short days has shone in her dark sky is about to disappear. "Good-bye," it whispers, "good-bye, Lachhmi!"

The girl goes home that afternoon and lies down on her bed. She cannot get up when they call her; she is burning with fever. Her mother-in-law stops a minute to look at her and says indifferently, "She will die and it is well; she was too sickly to be of any account."

Lachhmi is not sick long. Once in her delirium she clasps her hands, such poor, thin little hands, and cries out in piercing tones for the teacher. But the only answer is a coarse laugh, and the shadow of a hideous idol thrown across her face. There is no loving friend during those last hours to wet her parched lips, none to kneel by her little cot and whisper sweet words of hope and Jesus in her dying ear. Uncomfortable and alone she lies, till one dark, stormy night, Lachhmi's soul takes its flight from earth to the world beyond.

* * * * * *

Were the girls in the home-land cruel, do you think? Oh not cruel! *They only did not know.*

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

CHRISTIAN GIVING.

Read at meeting of Women's Missionary Society of First church, Chicago.

In introducing the subject of Christian giving, tithing, or tenth giving, for our consideration this P. M., I cannot hope to offer any thing especially new about anything so old. However we need line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, that we may be built up and established in the truth. After listening to the able and convincing arguments drawn from the word of God and presented by our pastor on that subject a few Sabbath's ago, I feel that those of us who were not converts to the plan of systematic giving, would then and there set about it, and by actual and practical experience, test the truth of the matter and find that there is a joy and blessing in systematic, proportionate giving of our substance to the Lord for Christian, benevolent and charitable purposes.

From time immemorial wherever worshipers have been found, men of all colors, habits and times have worshiped by giving gifts and consecrating their offerings to their gods. It is a part of natural religion and begins with the race, since the first suppliant lifted heart and voice, with the smoke of incense, to the Father above. It had been from the beginning, was older then the temple, older than the tabernacle or the Mosaic law; Jacob vowed to give his tenth; Abraham paid his tithes. This principle was world-wide. The Jewish system was full of it when Christ came, and he did not abrogate it. He found fault with hypocrisy, but not with bringing alms. He scourged the temple of many things, but did not evict the system of offerings.

We can see the wisdom of having this duty of proportionate giving settled when we consider the varied circumstances and conditions of those presenting their offerings in the temple worship. The poor man's turtle-dove was accepted; yes, required. To give was his duty, his privilege. So there were the costly gifts of the wealthy; not only bullock and lamb without blemish, but the most precious stones, purest of gold, the finest of wheat and oil, the rarest of needle work gifts of heart and hand were brought into the Lord's house. These offerings were not the leavings or the last. It was nothing short of the first fruits—the first born, the very best was required.

We often hear the remark, "It is give, give, all the time." Perhaps we forget that we receive,—receive all the time. No good citizen objects to paying tribute to the government, then why should we not, by first fruits and thank-offerings, recognize the authority and beneficence of God?

How much should we give? Some reply, "Give till you feel it." Why some would feel the giving of five cents when they ought to give $5, while others would just love to give $50 who could only give a few cents. How shall we determine so important a matter if not by the Divine word? Yet again we hear, "Well, I can afford to give but a few cents, therefore I will not give anything," and thereby lose the blessing. Let us not forget the Lord's commendation of the poor widow. I might enumerate very many instances showing the great variety of reasons and feelings taken from the human stand point, but we are glad to return to Divine authority and find there our duty made plain, and the responsibility transferred from us to our Heavenly Father of how much, or how little, we should give.

Without taking into consideration the fact that God has given us any direction about our giving, I would like to ask this question. Is it reasonable to suppose that so important a matter as the maintenance of the church and its

ordinances, together with the command to "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," should be left to the caprice of our variable feeling and spurts of generosity? I am sure we cannot think so, for God's word is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, and we have almost explicit direction in everything whether temporal or spiritual. So in regard to giving. God says one-tenth, and He knows best who knows all about it. The command is, "Let every one give according as the Lord thy God has prospered thee." Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him." Let us note the fact of individual responsibility—every one of you.

It is a distinguishing characteristic of the Gospel that it magnifies the individual. Religious duties belong to the individual more than to the society or family. Each one must give an account for himself. Through neglect of this teaching of the Spirit, the temporal affairs of the church have often fallen into great disorder, because of the question of finance. Instead of receiving support from every one of its members, the church has relied upon the contributions of the few. The father gives for the whole family, and what ought to be a real pleasure and privilege becomes a grievous burden. The gospel seeks the development of the individual. This can only be done as every member of the church is made to feel his individual responsibility, and to engage actively in the discharge of the duties growing out of it. It is the personal believing that first awakens the new life in the soul, so it is by the personal working and personal giving that—that life is to be built up and promoted, and the full stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus at last attained.

But how shall we give what we owe to the Lord? Do we not owe everything to him? Certainly, inasmuch as everything really belongs to Him. "The Earth and the fulness thereof belong to the Lord, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." So then we are but stewards of what we possess, and we must render an account for all He lends to us. We cannot pay to him directly, but as He has said; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me," "It is more blessed to give than to receive," "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," "Freely as ye have received, freely give," "Give, and it shall be given unto you," "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of thy increase."

The Lord would have all our graces symmetrically developed, and nothing so undermines this spirit of selfishness as the sweet grace of charity and love. It not only acts, but reacts upon the soul. Giving is, to the natural sense, the way to lessen our store, but the Bible says it is the way to increase it. To believe this it is only necessary to believe in the power and providence and promise of God. God is able to make the parodox, "He that scattereth increaseth," prove true.

Every one, doubtless, has noticed that his success in life depends on two things: (1) The things beyond his control, that come to him from without, and (2) His own energy and skill. Now God holds the 1st in his own hands. He can easily give or withhold success. He can make us lose by sickness, by the faults of others or by accidents, all we would save by being niggardly, and can multiply the smaller store of the liberal.

The grace of liberality is so divine a gift, so full of heaven, that we should seek for it, and pray for it, with all our hearts, and do not let us forget that the foundation of all true benevolence is an entire consecration of ourselves, and all we have, to the Lord.

THE STUDENTS' VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

FOR many weeks the Christian people of Detroit have been looking forward, with pleasant and prayerful anticipations, to the meeting in our midst of the convention of student volunteers for foreign missions. The convention has now passed into history, but its memories will long be an influence for good to those who were so privileged as to witness this great gathering of the brightest and best young people of our land, who have offered themselves for this work, and who heard the words of counsel and experience from those long familiar with the work.

As one of our daily papers said, "It was in a sense a cosmopolitan gathering. In the audience were representatives of colleges in every state in the Union, and every province in Canada, as well as missionaries who have done years of service in a dozen foreign countries." The opening session of the convention was held Wednesday evening, February 28. The delegates were warmly welcomed to our city and our homes by one of our Detroit pastors, who said the convention he had the honor of addressing was the only parliament of religion in which we believed—the parliament of one religion, because there was only one Christ. The delegates to the convention were those who would carry that religion to the utmost parts of the world.

The opening address of the convention was made by Dr. Speer, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, who struck the key-note of the convention, as he with eloquent words cited the consecration, methods, message and spirit of Paul, to whom he referred as a great missionary example.

Every morning the convention assembled as a unit, but in the afternoon it broke up into sections, and in the evenings mass meetings were held in different parts of the city. The only regret was that one's personality could not be multiplied many times so as to take in all these meetings, for every one was good, and it was hard to choose when so many good things were offered at so many different places at the same hour.

It will be impossible, in the limits of this short article, to give any adequate idea of the entire convention, as the report of the proceedings will make a large volume; but you will be interested to hear something concerning the section on women's work. This conference was held on Thursday afternoon, presided over by Mrs. L. D. Wishard. The opening prayer was made by Mrs. Hudson Taylor, of England, who, with her husband, has had forty years experience in mission work in China. The platform was occupied by the women missionaries present, and many of them spoke to us of their work in different countries; each seemed to feel that the harvest was whitest, and the laborers fewest, in the country where she had been working. The whole subject was discussed under three divisions—educational, medical and evangelistic. The educational part of the work received the most attention, and all unite in testifying to the importance of maintaining schools and training native workers as rapidly as possible.

Miss Gonderdyke, of Africa, said when she first went out to the dark continent, and found that her mission was to teach eleven black boys, she felt terribly disappointed, as she thought it hardly worth while to have sacrificed so much and gone so far to do so little; but she said she realized, in a few years, when she had taught and trained those eleven boys until they in turn had become teachers to their own people, that her power and

influence was multiplied more than eleven times, to the thousands whom these native teachers were able to reach. She also spoke of the immense advantage the female missionary had over the male missionary in that the natives had never known a bad white woman, but every white woman who had come to them had brought a message of peace and joy, and had only come among them to do them good. But when the man missionary spoke to them they always received his message at first with suspicion, lest he was telling them a fine story only to interest them while watching his chance to kidnap and carry them off as slaves.

A lady from Japan spoke of the infidelity in which the children of that land were growing up. She said their ideas of God reached no farther than their imperial ancestor, and they had no belief in a hereafter.

Miss Dean, of the girls' school in India, was introduced as "the mother of a thousand daughters." For many years she has had charge of this school, and has been a mother indeed to these girls of India, whom she has not only taught of spiritual and material things, but has had oversight of their persons, trained their manners and in every way filled a mother's place to them.

Dr. Pauline Root, of India, pleaded for medical missions, and spoke of the refinement and culture necessary in the Christian woman who would win the hearts of her reserved Eastern sisters. The fact was brought out in the course of the convention that in China there was only one Christian physician to every 2,500,000 of the people, and we all remember how, a few months ago, our Women's Board appealed in vain to the women of our church for a physician to take Dr. White's place in India. Let us hope such an emergency may not arise again, but that these young women who expect to go out as missionaries will make medical and surgical training a part of their preparation for the work, so that they may be healing to the bodies as well as to the souls of those to whom they minister.

Miss Geraldine Guinness, of London, England, who has labored as a missionary in China, told of four young girls who had been pioneers in the mission movement in a province of China, and how from the four little posts, which they established on the banks of a river, there are now forty mission stations maintained. There are yet 925 large cities in China without a missionary.

Others made brief addresses, but it is impossible to give a sketch of all. It was a matter of regret that none of our women missionaries were present to speak of our work in Egypt and India. Rev. Chauncey Murch was the only representative of our foreign work at the convention, and he ably presented our cause to the meeting while the work in Africa was considered.

Speaking of the influence of women's missions, Dr. Pierson said, in one of his addresses, that he dated the revival of mission work to the organization of the women of our church into missionary societies and the formation of women's boards. He also linked on with this the great uprising of the young people in these times to do church work at home, and to volunteer for service in the foreign field. He believes this is due to the sanctified brotherhood of our land, which has raised up a generation of consecrated young people.

Many colleges for women were represented by delegates at the convention, notably Wellesley, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr and Smith.

We had the pleasure of meeting Miss Martin, sister of Miss Mary Martin of the India mission; Miss Patton, a volunteer for the foreigh field, who is attending the Chicago training-school; Miss

from Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa, who offers herself for our work in India, and many others of the young women of our church who were delegates to the convention.

There were on exhibition the publications of forty denominations in America and fifty in Europe, including maps, charts, newspapers, magazines and books, together with the literature in the form in which it is distributed by missionaries in their fields of work. The exhibits of each denomination were kept separate, and, though I did not see the display myself, I want to whisper to the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH that I was told that you were the only representative of the literature of our denomination. I was proud that one woman remembered to show that we still have an interest in missions, but sorry that other of our publications, and especially Dr. Gordon's book, "Our India Mission," were not also put on exhibition.

The great convention closed on Sabbath night. The interest in the meetings had been steadily growing, and this closing session seemed the crowning climax of perhaps the most notable convention of Christian workers ever held.

With the motto of the association overhead, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," on our right the rallying cry, 'Let us advance on our knees," and on our left, "Go make disciples of all nations," the entire assemblage seemed to catch the spirit of the hour, and to be ready to reconsecrate their lives to Christ and his service.

The Students' Volunteer Convention has left a permanent impression for good behind it, and the delegates went to their homes followed by the best wishes and prayers of the Christian people of our city.

Missionary Correspondence.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MARY B. REID.

The latest news from Egypt reports the Missionary Association in session at Assiout. The mid-winter meetings of the associations of both Egypt and India bring the missionaries together for the closing of accounts, making estimates of cost, and planning work for the coming year. The results appear before the church in the appropriations asked from General Assembly.

Miss Jessie I. Hogg, who has charge of the Girls' Boarding School at Assiout, gives a spicy account of one day's duties at the opening of a new session:

"Are things really beginning at last to move smoothly," I asked myself this morning as I drew a long breath of relief. Dr. Henry had just reported our sick girl as a good deal better, and that may partly explain why the world seemed brighter to-day than it has been. Since school opened it has been one constant stream of conflicting calls on one's attention. Do you wonder just of what nature these calls are? It would be impossible to give you a full idea, but let me at random mention the first that occur to me.

It may be that the school matron wants to give the daily kitchen account, or a girl asks permission to go to the reception room to speak to her father, or the man who does the buying wants the weekly account taken, or if there is not leisure for that, he must at least be given money wherewith to keep things running. Three or four girls come to have spending money given to them; four or five others to buy slates, pencils, or books, and another wants to deliver a supplicatory letter from her brother asking me to supply her with text-books as she is an orphan, and some others come to receive the loan of text-books from the school library. For the eighth or tenth time the school schedule of classes is brought to me to be rearranged, as some little hitch is ever occurring necessitating readjustment of classes or individuals. Lazy girls come to complain because we have hindered them from promotion in their classes. Others come asking special arrrangements in their favor. The carpenter comes to call, and this involves a visit to the dormitories, etc., to instruct him in regard to repairs. A native gentleman calls to request as a

favor that we refrain from teaching our religion to the little Mohammedan child of his friend. Some one is announced in the reception room, and on going down we are way-laid and caught hold of and, our hands are profusely kissed, by a talkative village woman with a vessel of milk, a big bundle of bread, and a tale, of woe in regard to her professed poverty and my hardness of heart in requiring her to supply a quilt and bread for her child whom she wishes to place in school. A few words with her send her off blessing me and my eyes, and the ground on which I stand, and every relative I now or in the future may possess.

The next call may be the noise of quarrelling cats, and on investigation we find two fighting over a bundle containing the dinner of some day-scholars, and that discovery involves hunting up the girl who has charge of the key of the cupboard where the afore mentioned dinner ought to have been safely locked away. During this process some unperformed piece of work is noticed, which reminds us that in apportioning the work we have omitted to assign this piece to anyone, and we proceed to do so. In passing up the hall we observe the winding of the clock has been overlooked, and in remedying this, we naturally notice that it is time to give our sick girl the medicine and nourishment which she is having night and day at the interval of three or four hours. True, her brother is here during the day to wait on her, but we have to oversee him, which is not very much less trouble than attending to her one's self. Our little patient has been the heaviest care of these days, for we feared very much that we were going to lose her. Dr. Henry says that she has a form of malarial typhoid fever.

I find that I have wandered a little off my subject but it is better so, for who knows how long I might have continued relating the conflicting duties that claim attention during the first days of the school term? Of course as the term advances similar duties, questions and difficulties continue to be presented for decision or for counsel, but as things gradually get into working order these matters cease to present themselves in a confused crowd, each seeming to claim immediate attention, but come up from time to time and can thus receive at once the consideration they require, without interfering materially with the ordinary routine of daily duties.

Miss Elizabeth Gordon, who has kindly collected the news items of the India field, writes:

For about two weeks past we have all been distressed about the serious illness of dear Miss Logan; but now, through the blessing of God on the labors, kind attention and earnest prayers of many friends, she is in the way of recovery from congestion of the lungs caused by suppressed measles.

We have been made very sorry by hearing that Miss Young has to leave us. In October her physician said that she might recover her health in this country by taking rest. But now the same physician advises her to go home, and she will probably go in the spring with Dr. White, who is also broken down. But Dr. White has been longer in the country and her time for furlough is near.

Of the Christian Training Institute, at Sialkot, Mrs. McKee writes:

This short busy day has closed and the darkness has brought us in to the cozy sitting room. I have first put two extra pieces of wood on the fire. "What! do you need fire in India?" ask some of our friends on the other side of the world, who imagine that we are always in the heat. Yes, we do need fire these damp chilly days. I realized this to-day when, in Mr. McKee's absence, I went over to the school and watched the Christian "Moonshi" and the shop keepers weighing the monthly supply of food for the boys. These village Christians are not accustomed to having fire in their mud houses when with their parents, so they are not given fire when they come to school. Mr. McKee has no fire when he remains in the building until ten o'clock at night to see that they are at their lessons. So they never complain of the cold when their teacher sets them the example of doing without fire. They (the boys) were walking all about the yard and court to-day with their books in their hands, studying and keeping themselves warm by exercise. I think that the greater part of the 125 boys who are here from our different districts are beginning to appreciate an education, and are anxious to be promoted. They are quiet and orderly. Mrs. Lytle remarked, a Sabbath or two since when she was at church, that she was surprised that such a number of boys could file into church and take their places in the seats behind her and she scarcely know they were there. We can see advancement when we look back and remember how in former years, when we went into a village, some of these same boys, very scantily dressed, would simply stand and stare at us from the time we entered their narrow streets until we left. They were then rude and seemed devoid of all modesty. Now they can, and usually do, act like gentlemen.

A kind Scotch friend living near us has sent over a box of New Years cards marked, "Mr. McKee, cards for his boys." We believe that pictures portraying good actions, as well as books, exert a powerful influence upon character, especially in early life, and we are going to take these cards over and let the little boys tack them on the bare walls of their dormitory. I don't know any reason why these children of lowly parentage should not be educated to admire the beautiful as well as their more favored brothers.

If any of the good friends at home who are interested in the Training Institute would send us out a few pretty scripture mottoe's for the chapel where the boys meet for Sabbath-School and worship, I am sure the kindness would be appreciated.

Miss C. E. Wilson writes the news of Gurdaspur:

On November 30, the Lytle's and the two new lady missionaries honored us with a call on their way up country. The native Christians tried to show their joy on the occasion by meeting them at the station with a four-wheeled buggy decked with flags, and after conveying them to Rev. Caldwell's house, conducted them under an arch of welcome and between several flags up to the house. Then they shot off some torpedoes to let the world hear of their joy. As they drove along, some natives inquired, "Has the Lord Sahib (Bishop) come?"

On December 4, they went with Rev. Holliday to Pathankot, to attend the wedding of a native Christian of the upper class, and partake of dinner with them, and that night took the train.

We returned to our camp and have been on the move ever since. Have transferred our tent twice. Yesterday, (Dec. 12,) we taught the native Christian women in Zafarwal and got our camp started off about 11:30 a. m., for this place, Oogar Khain. Our camels and native help took the near cut across the fields, while we had to drive a long way around—some nine or ten miles. We stopped at a village on the way and gave the Gospel message to a good crowd while our horse rested. About a mile from our destination, we learned that our camels had fallen with their loads in a mud-hole, and probably broken our furniture, and soon another messenger told that Rev. Caldwell had preached us one day, and they had broken the cart wheel, and on this account had to walk five or six miles. By the time we reached our camping place, two of our camels had deposited their

and were returning to pick up the load of one that was lamed by the fall. It was night long before we got pitched and settled in our tent, but Mrs. Caldwell kindly gave us dinner and helped us all she could. We have been out in camp since November 1, but we and they have not run across each other until now, though both among the Christians. Our tent was muddy and wet to some extent, but we are thankful to say there was very little damage done furniture. Such is camp-life.

From Jhelum, Mrs. Scott writes:

One day, not long ago, my husband was going out a few miles to look after some wood he wished to buy, and as there was plenty of room in the buggy, the children and I went with him. While Mr. Scott was attending to the business, I sat down on a log at the roadside and the children played about under the trees. A number of women from a village came along and stopped to make their "salaams." I was hemming some towels, and they all gathered around to see the work. One said, "Give me a needle and I can sew." I gave it to her, and then each one wanted one. I had my needle case with me, so could supply the demand. One woman asked what the price was. I said I did not sell the needles, but had given them to them because I wanted them to learn to sew and make and mend their clothes. One said to another, "See what gifts she has bestowed." It is impossible for us who have lived all our lives in happy Christian homes to realize just how bare and comfortless the lives of these poor people are. All the villages about Jheulm are inhabited by Mohamedans, many of them the most bigoted; and it is not always easy to get them to listen to the story of the cross. Even the name of the Son of God will often drive them away. Others hear the word day after day without any visible effect. May we always remember that it is our business to sow the seed; God will give the increase in his own good time.

We are glad to report that Dr. Maria White is recovering from the illness which delayed her departure for home. She will sail from Calcutta probably the early part of March, accompanied by Miss Susie Young, who has been ordered home on account of her eyes. From the recent afflictions of our India missionaries, volunteers for foreign service will note the necessity of good health and perfect eyes.

LETTER FROM HAWAII.

MISS MARY O. PAULDING.

[Our readers will be interested in the following communication, because of the attention Hawaii is now claiming from the public mind, and also because her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Paulding, were among our pioneer missionaries to Syria.]

KOHALA, Hawaii, Mar. 4, 1894.

I received your letter the last mail, and have been wondering ever since just how to answer it. I do not wish to sail under false colors, for I am really not here as a missionary in the full sense of the word, though all work of this kind after all is missionary work and done for the Master. I came as a teacher, but received my appointment from the principal, and not through any missionary board. All mission work on the islands was formerly under the American Board, but the people were supposed to be christianized, so their support was withdrawn and the work has been carried on by the Hawaiian Board. There is quite a number of seminaries just like this on the islands, and all of them under control of the Board, and partly supported by it, but our school receives very little help from them, being almost self-supporting. We have sixty girls, two-thirds of them half white, and in the school-work they compare favorably with girls in the states —a little slower to comprehend, perhaps, not thoroughly comprehending the language. They use very good English, however, and are not allowed to speak any native on the school grounds. The Hawaiians have very sweet dispositions, getting over their anger quickly and cherishing no resentment. But when they are angry, they are "very, very angry" for the time, and sulk dreadfully. They have no stability of character, being weak and easily led astray. They are untruthful and steal, and it seems impossible to train these things out of them, for it seems to be Hawaiian nature. Quite a number of our girls are Christians, and we have a "King's Daughters" circle supporting one girl here. I am very fond of these children, and tremble for their future.

I am interested in my work here, but it is a wearing climate for the continuous

hard work that is to be done in any boarding-school, and teachers soon break down. It is not at all warm on this part of the island, but there seems to be nothing bracing about the climate. It is scarcely as tropical here as in Southern California, but some of the foliage is very beautiful, being so very green in the many shades. One may almost look in vain for the primitive life of the natives in these islands, as they are rapidly assimilating the customs and manners of the white man. They are a careless, improvident, pleasure-loving race, and just so they have plenty of *poi*, the world may move as it will. They have two fine tastes, and about their only ones—their taste for music and for flowers. You scarcely ever see a native man without a band of flowers about his hat, or a woman without a wreath around her neck, and in a "Mother Hubbard," of course.

It seems a pity that in this beautiful paradise the demon of discord should enter and mar its peace and serenity. But, alas! it is here. Many arguments are used in defense of either side, but it seems to be conceded that the native Hawaiians are not yet capable of self-government, and that the welfare of the islands will be better conserved by their being placed under the protection of the United States. Whichever way it may end, the original Hawaiians will have to yield to the inevitable result—the "survival of the fittest."

WARM SPRINGS INDIAN MISSION.

MISS E. H. BLACK.

I have been reminded recently that inquiries have been made about the Indian mission under the care of the Women's Board of the U. Pres. church; also that information about it has been somewhat meagre of late. Shut in among the mountains by "hin-mud," it is not much wonder that news of it should rarely get beyond the boundaries of the reservation. Mrs. Jas. Alter has been quite fully occupied much of the past winter with the care of a sick babe, and owing to circumstances entirely beyond my control, I have not been able to write as usual.

The new agent has been making many and sudden changes among the government employees at the agency, so that we really do not know what each new day may bring forth. At Sinemasho things have moved along more quietly. One great cause of grief to us was the edict that sent all the Indian children who were slightly diseased out of school to the wretched toupee to live. Indeed if the poor things happened to have a scar upon them indicating that at some former time they might have been afflicted with scrofula, they were under sentence of banishment.

I find friends who ask me, Why make such efforts to educate the Indians—they care very little about it, and soon go back to their wild, roaming life? If these persons could see the little boy about ten years of age who daily passes our home to the goverment school, often having waded in mud knee deep; could hear the Indians express their regrets that their children have been turned out of school; could see their humble efforts to have things different, I think they would change their opinions. These poor children need the shelter of the school, its food and clothing. It is a great mistake to assert they do not learn. They do, and if properly taught and cared for, will make progress as white children do.

Since my absence from the reservation

I have received quite a number of letters from the Indian boys and girls, many of them neatly written and showing thought and care. The remark was made, "These children cannot live long, why waste the government funds educating them?" Little immortal souls turned out to die, to save money to throw away on some inefficient government employee! Quite recently a meeting was held in the chapel at Sinemasho, in which the Indians expressed in very earnest language their desire for the school, and that all the children might be in it. No equal number of civilized white men could have been more sincere or more anxious.

Some misunderstanding in reference to the running of our saw-mill caused it to be stopped early in the autumn. This was a great disappointment to us all. Several of the Indians had houses partly up. By the time the agent saw his way clear to permit the mill to run again, the weather was too cold. Of course, the houses have been exposed all winter to the wet weather and will suffer accordingly. The Indians call all white people, "Christians;" so the missionaries in such cases are equally blamed. The chief, Quah Palmo said, if Mr. Speer would finish his house he would become a Christian, adding, "You are the only white man that ever did help me about it." The wife of the chief, a very nice Indian woman, feels very bitterly that they have been obliged to live another winter in a wigwam.

During the latter part of January the first communion was held at Sinemasho. The week previous services were held each day and were very well attended. Six persons, three young men and three young girls, were baptized and united with the church. One of the girls was very much abused by her mother, who did all she could to prevent Sarah becoming a Christian. At our services at Sinemasho, we usually have three Indians present, one of whom claims that he is a prophet and has the will of God given him *direct* from heaven; the others are the famous Indian doctors. These men have almost unlimited power over these poor people. Of course they oppose our work and do all they can to prevent the Indians becoming Christians, for if they do, these men will not be able to obtain their livelihood quite so easily. If any of those who professed Christ should get sick, or indeed anything happen to any of their friends, they will be blamed for it, and will doubtless suffer and be persecuted.

Allow me here to thank those at home who kindly remembered the old and sick among our Indians. Flannel, muslin, calico, fruit and some delicacies were provided with the money sent to me. We extend also our thanks to the Y. L. M. society of Shadyside, U. P. church, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the barrels sent us, and which amid many difficulties reached us in time for Christmas, and so made glad the hearts of the Indian boys and girls. It gives me great pleasure in this connection to know how kindly we are remembered by our friends of the First church mission, Allegheny, Pa. The contents of a barrel they sent us has been almost all distributed to needy Indians.

For several weeks I have been in Pittsburgh, called here unexpectedly by the illness of an only brother. I hope soon to return to my work in Oregon. I am glad to be able to go back, and will ever remember the kindness and sympathy of the friends in the various churches here. May they each in their places, and we in ours in the distant Cascade mountains, so work that in the end we shall hear the glad welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE INDIAN'S QUESTIONING.

"MISSIONARY," said a savage, stalwart-looking Indian, "gray hairs here and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me now that I am getting to be an old man; and yet I never before heard such things as you have told us to-day. I am so glad I did not die before I heard this wonderful story. Yet I am getting old. Gray hairs here and grandchiidren yonder tell the story. Stay as long as you can, Missionary; tell us much of these things; and when you have to go away come back soon, for I have grandchildren, and I have gray hairs, and may not live many winters more."

He turned as though he would go back to his place, and sit down, but only went a step or two ere he turned around, and said, "Missionary, may I say more?"

"Talk on," I said, "I am here to listen."

"You said just now, 'No-tawenan'" [our Father].

"Yes," I said, "I did say 'our Father.'"

"That is very new and sweet to us," he said. "We never thought of the Great Spirit as Father. We heard him in the thunder, and saw him in the lightning and tempest, and we were afraid. So when you tell us of the Great Spirit as Father, that is very beautiful to us."

Hesitating a moment, he stood there, a wild picturesque Indian; yet, my heart had strangely gone out in loving interest and sympathy to him. Lifting up his eyes to mine again, he said, "May I say more?"

"Yes," I answered, "say on."

"You say 'No-tawenan' [*Our* Father]. He is *your* Father."

"Yes, he is my Father."

Then he said, while his eyes and voice yearned for the answer, "Does it mean he is my Father, poor Indian's Father?"

"Yes, O yes," I exclaimed, "he is your Father too."

"Your Father—Missionary's Father, and Indian's Father too," he repeated.

"Yes, that is true," I answered.

"Then we are brothers?" he almost shouted out.

"Yes, we are brothers," I replied.

The excitement in the audience had beeome something wonderful. When our conversation with the old man had reached this point, and in such an unexpected and yet dramatic manner had so clearly brought out not only the Fatherhood of God, but the oneness of the human family, the people could hardly restrain their expressions of delight.

The old man, however, had not finished; and so quietly restraining the most demonstrative ones, he again turned to me and said, "May I say more?"

"Yes, say on; all that is in your heart."

Never can I forget that last question. It is the question that millions of weary, longing souls, dissatisfied with their false religions, are asking!

"Missionary, I do not want to be rude, but why has my white brother been so long time in coming with that Great Book and its wonderful story?"

EDGERTON R. YOUNG, *in* "*Gist.*"

Young People's Department.

WHITE HARVEST FIELDS.

"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35.

I. AFRICA.

We will ask our junior members, in these lessons, to glance at some of the great mission fields of the world, now entering the work done by the United Presbyterian church. [N. B. Let superintendents of Junior societies pro-

or mark a good outline map of Africa and have some of the members point out the different divisions as they are named.] First we will enter Africa in its eastern coast at Liberia. Looking away to the east what do you see?

ANS. If we look through the Soudan to the Red Sea we see *ninety millions* of people whom the light of the gospel has scarcely touched.

Q. What do you see if you look southward?

A. The great Congo Free State, one thousand miles long by half as many broad, containing forty millions of people, with scarcely a missionary. In the centre of Africa we could find an area as large as all Europe where a missionary never has been seen. In this great interior there are at least one hundred and fifty million of souls who are dropping off into eternal darkness almost unnoticed by the Christian world.

Q. Where do you find the Hottentots?

A. In the extreme southern part of Africa.

Q. What is their character?

A. They were considered the very lowest among the savages.

Q. If you look away there, do you not see some light from the cross?

A. Yes. If we were nearer we could catch the music of Christian song and see them gathering in their little churches for Christian worship.

Q. Have many of them accepted Christ?

A. More than eleven thousand.

Q. Who first carried them the Gospel?

A. The Moravians, who love to do the hardest work for the Master. Henry Marsfield, one of their missionaries, writes, "It has been my blessed privilege to baptize four hundred and fifteen of these poor Hottentots with my own hand."

Q. To what other countries have the Moravians carried the Gospel?

A. To Alaska, to Greenland and Labrador, to the slaves of the West Indies, to some tribes of the North American Indians, to South America and to Australia.

Q. Going northward again from the Hottentots, what missions would we reach?

A. Those in Kafirland and Zululand and Basutoland, where a great work has been done by the London Missionary society, by the United Presbyterian church of Scotland, and by the Paris Missionary society.

Ten years ago the Basutos were threatened with extinction through strong drink. At the earnest request of their chiefs, the British government prohibited its importation, and since that time remarkable progress has been made by the people.

Q. What river opens up the interior of Africa?

A. The Congo. One million square miles in the very heart of Africa are made accessible by it. We may ride on the Henry Reed, the missionary boat that is beginning "to turn this great river into a river of water of life."

Twelve years ago the natives of the Upper Congo had never seen a steamboat. Now there are twenty steamers on the upper river.

Q. If we travel northeastward from the Congo, what noted mission will we reach?

A. Uganda. This mission was established in answer to a request from King Mtesa, of Uganda, made through Stanley in 1875, that Christian teachers should be sent so them.

Q. Who responded to this request?

A. The church of England sent out seven missionaries, one of whom was the consecrated Alexander Mackay. While the eagerness of the people to be taught is marvelous, yet recently the

Jesuits have caused the missionaries a great deal of trouble.

Q. What large island is east of the Southern part of Africa?

A. Madagascar. It is five times as large as the state of Pennsylvania, and its mission has a wonderful history.

Q. Can you tell something of it?

A. Not quite seventy-five years have passed since a missionary first touched its shores, and twenty-five of these have been years of bitter persecution. In the year 1849 more that two thousand natives were martyred for the sake of Christ. Today we may number more than one thousand native preachers and 1,400 Christian schools. Yet a great work is still to be done in Madagascar, as more than one-third of the island is yet to be christianized.

Q. What mission in which we are especially interested is in the northeastern part of this continent?

A. The United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, which ranks among the most effective missions in the world.

MISS MARY J. STEVENSON.

Editorial Department

Our Treasurer.

"Sorrowing most of all, that we shall see her face no more."

Wide-spread is the sense of loss occasioned by the death of Mrs. J. G. Carson. The wave of sorrow that started in this city about sunset, March 21, will extend over a large portion of our church in this land; and in the homes of our missionaries over the sea tears will be shed for one whom they loved, and whose gifts and hospitality many of them here enjoyed. After days of suffering she has been translated from the delights of her earthly home, from the activities of life which were sweet to her, and which she enjoyed in a marked degree, to the fullness and blessedness of her heavenly inheritance. To her the pain is over, the struggle ended and the victory won. Her name is indissolubly identified with the MAGAZINE, having been its only treasurer. With characteristic energy she assumed and watched closely its financial interests, and with jealous care guarded its subscription list. How difficult it will be for our MAGAZINE to seem quite the same with another treasurer than the one who has so long and so successfully controlled its finances!

Being wide awake and exceedingly hopeful, she brought into the counsels of the Committee most admirable ability, practical suggestions and efficient aid. Her warm genial nature drew many friends to her outside the limits of the congregation of which her husband has been the honored pastor almost twenty-five years. To a large number she was endeared for her works' sake. In various lines she exerted a most helpful influence, and her strong womanhood was an inspiration and blessing. Awed by our loss the MAGAZINE Committee can but say, what shall be done? who will take her place?

"Our eyes are holden that we cannot see," but of the precious memories of the past death cannot despoil us, nor rob us of her blessed, helpful influence. And what can we do but give thanks that she was for so many years so closely associated with us, and that we have, in the remembrance of all she was, a priceless legacy and a rare example of fidelity to God, unswerving loyalty to His truth and love for His cause. Words cannot express our sorrow. The wreath of violets we lay this morning upon her o

casket mutely speak of the imperishable perfume that sweetened and hallowed the service and labors of her earthly life. In the freshness of our grief, and ere all that is mortal has been consigned to its last resting place, we do nevertheless bow in submission to His will, "who gave and who hath taken away." To Him we look for grace and consolation and for strength to follow her example and to contine the work she has laid down, earnestly imploring that this severe dispensation may result in blessing to the MAGAZINE and the cause she so long and devotedly served. May the Angel of His presence go before us, directing and preparing for the results and plans which lie undeveloped in the future.

In the tenderness of this sorrow may we devote ourselves anew to the work committed to us; and, with her husband, who has not only tenderly watched over her night and day for months, but has not allowed her work to suffer, the statement of the Minutes fund bearing the familiar name showing her work kept up to date, may we be enabled to say, "Blessed be God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort whereby we ourselves are comforted of God."

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE FINANCIAL YEAR.

Do you realize that the books of Miss E. J. Sloan close April 14th, and cannot wait for tardy ones?

Why did not the contribution of your society appear in last years report? Because it failed to reach the treasurer in time. Be careful that it does not occur this year.

Has your society met all its obligations for last year, and planned new work for the coming one?

Will your Presbytery be represented at the annual meeting? Will you pray earnestly for special blessing upon those who attend, for those who bear the responsibility of the work on the program, for committees and secretaries, and that all things may be done with an eye single to the honor and glory of God and the up building of His Kingdom?

In your society how many are taking and reading the Missionary Magazine? If each cannot take a separate Magazine, have you a fund which circulates missionary information, especially the leaflets published by our Women's Board and the Magazine? Are you using as much tact and earnestness in the direction of information and cultivation as you would in any literary society? If such efforts are being put forth a large increase to the subscription list will be the natural result.

Have you ever considered for a moment what our Magazine would be if every woman in our church were genuinely interested in its circulation and mission? What it would be to have no anxiety about its treasury, no coaxing for subscribers, no turning this way and that seeking something *fresh* from our mission fields and benevolences, no nervous anxious scanning of the subscription list lest it grow pitifully less? When will all be glad to read its pages as good news from a far country and help even in a small way to enlarge its treasury—when?

ANNUAL MEETING.

The announcement of the program for the annual meeting in May brings it sensibly near. Sympathy has been expressed in many localities for the President, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Omaha, Neb., who, in the midst of complications and

delays, and in the preparation of the program, was called to undertake a long journey, and in her western childhood's home lay to rest her father, in the country for which he fought, and which he loved and helped in a large degree to make better. What a strange commingling of joy and sorrow, often comes to us, now a taste of pleasure and then a spur to duty! Well it is that results are not dependent upon the feeble interrupted efforts we put forth. Our Leader is one of omnipotent power.

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY.

The first volume of this new dictionary has been sent us by the publishers, The Funk and Wagnalls Co. Persons who wish to form an idea of the plan on which the work is built should read the excellent review which appeared in our October number, and which was carefully prepared by one who is an authority in such lines.

"Dr. Johnson once said that he found the dictionary one of the most readable and amusing books in his library. When tired with study or labor he would take down the big book and amuse himself by the hour."

The Standard Dictionary is a well-spring of information and amusement, with its rich and full vocabulary containing nearly 20,000 words in the letter A alone. Several hundred persons were engaged in its production, many of them specialists. The engravings are the work of well known artists, and the colored plates master-pieces of the lithographic art.

The dictionary was granted at the Columbian Exposition the award of a diploma and medal, the only class of awards given.

We believe that Dr. Geo. P. Hays did good service for the cause of Presbyterianism when he gave to the world the concise and comprehensive volume—Presbyterians. The lucid and vigorous style in which it is written, along with its attractive appearance, insure for it an extensive reading. Being a manual of every branch of the Presbyterian family, it will bind these together in more friendly accord, and increase their love for, and devotion to, the denomination whose history has been such an important factor in the annals of evangelical Christendom.

The chapter which treats of the United Presbyterian Church, prepared by Drs. W. J. Reid and A. G. Wallace, is replete with interesting information relating to all branches of our church work. It contains excellent portraits of Drs. John T. Pressley and Joseph T. Cooper, also pictures of several of our educational and mission buildings.

In preparing this notice we feel compelled to say that it is to be regretted that in enumerating the periodicals of the church and setting forth the various enterprises of our Women's General Missionary Society, The Women's Missionary MAGAZINE was over looked, a publication that had then been in existence for five years and with a circulation of over 5000. J. A. Hill & Co., Pub., N. Y.

NOTICE.

All delegates, officers, members of Women's Board, life members and missionaries expecting to attend the Convention of the Women's General missionary Society, May 8 and 10th, will please send their names and post-office address at once to the undersigned. Places of entertainment will thus be insured. MRS. A. M. CAMPBELL,
Ch. Ex. Com. Princeton, Ind.

[NOTE.—We publish this letter iu the hope that others will be inclined to do likewise.]

NOTH BEND, NEB., Dec. 27th, 1893.

DEAR MRS. REID.

We, the Junior Missionary Society of the North Bend United Presbyteri

Church, have decided to support a pupil in our boarding school in India, (Miss McCahon's). We have been interested in this work, especially during the past six months, or since we listened to Miss Anderson's very interesting lecture on India. Now will you kindly give us the name of the pupil. We will forward by this same mail, $25 to Miss Sloan for the support of our little friend in India. Hoping to hear from you before very long we are your little friends in the work. JESSIE MCVICKER, Pres.
JOHNIE CUSACK, Sec.

PROGRAMME FOR ANNUAL MEETING OF WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO BE HELD AT PRINCETON, INDIANA, MAY 8 AND 10, 1894.

TUESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Consecration Meeting.—Mrs. W. S. Heade, 1st Vice President.

Address of Welcome.—Mrs. J. F. Huddleson, Princeton, Indiana.

Response and Annual Address by the President, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Omaha, Neb.

Greetings from the field.—East, Argyle Presbytery; Central, Keokuk Presbytery; West, San Francisco Presbytery.

Business.

Social Hour.

WEDNESDAY, 9:00 A. M.

Devotional Exercises.—"The Opened Heart"; Acts 16:14.—Mrs. Mila Meek, Indiana Presbytery.

9:30, Report of Committee on Credentials; Roll-call; Appointment of Committees.

9:50, Report of Secretary of W. G. M. S.

10:00, Report of Treasurer of W. G. M. S.

10:10; Report of Secretary of Women's Board.

10:20, Report of Treasurer of Women's Board.

10:30, Report of Standing Committees: Charter; Finance, and Book of Instructions

11:15, Business.

12:00, Closing prayer-service. The Convention of 1894.

WEDNESDAY, 1:30 P. M.

Devotional Exercises:—"A heart to labor for the Lord," Rom. 16,12; Phil. 4:3.—Mrs. J. C. Warnock, Xenia Presbytery.

2:00, Report of Thank-Offering Committee.

2:15, Report of Secretary of Foreign Missions.

2:30, Tidings from our Foreign Fields: Egypt, Mrs. Chauncy Murch, Miss Tillie Strang; India, Miss Mary J. Campbell, Miss Josephine L. White.

3:10, Report of Literature Committee.

3:20, Delegate Fund.

3:50, Report of United Presbyterian Association.

4:05, Discussion:—City Missions—"Is there a demand for the Institutional Church?" New York, Philadelphia and Monongahela Presbyteries.

4:45, Business.

5:00, Closing prayer-service. Our Missionaries.

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Devotional Exercises:—"The acceptable offering," 2 Cor. 8:12.—Mrs. J. K. Conner, Allegheny Presbytery.

The Tithe. (1) Paper:—Its place in the Church of to-day.—Mrs. W. W. Barr, Philadelphia Presbytery.

(2) Discussion:—Its advantages, to the individual, (5 minutes), Monmouth Presbytery; to the family, (5 minutes), Sidney Presbytery; to the church, (5 minutes), Illinois Southern Presbytery; to the missions, (5 minutes), Arkansas Valley Presbytery.

Thank-Offering Service:—Responsive Exercise. Paper,—The duty and privilege of thank-offering.—Mrs. S. B. Moore, Pawnee Presbytery.

Presentation of Thank-Offerings.

Consecration Prayer.

Thanks-giving Song.

THURSDAY, 9:00 A. M.

Devotional Exercises:—"A servant of the Church," Rom. 16:1,2.—Mrs. H. T. Jackson, College Springs Presbytery.

9:30, Report of Secretary of Church Extension and Parsonage Fund.

9:45, Report of Magazine Committee.

10:00, Report of Treasurer of Magazine Committee.

10:15, Discussion:—"Our Magazine."

10:40, Business. Place of next meeting. Election of officers, &c.

12:00, Closing prayer-service. The Convention of 1895.

THURSDAY, 1:30 P. M.

Devotional Exercises:—"Full of good works", Acts 9:36.—Mrs. W. R. Wilson, Mercer Presbytery.

2:00, Report of Secretary of Home Missions.

2:15, Report of Secretary of Freedmen's Missions.

2:30, Discussion:—Home and Freedmen's Missions.—Mrs. W. M. Howie, Chicago Presbytery; Miss E. H. Black, Wapinitia Mission, Oregon; Miss Mary E. Schwarberg, Henderson Mission, N. C.

3:15, Report of Secretary of Junior work.

3:30, Discussion:—Methods in Junior work.—Westmoreland, DesMoines and Garnett Presbyteries.

4:00, Business.

5:00, Closing prayer-service. Our Junior Missionary Societies.

THURSDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Junior Society Exercise.—Princeton Juniors.

Devotional Exercises:—"Our children's heritage," 2 Tim. 1:5; 3:14, 15.—Mrs. G. G. Wallace, Omaha Presbytery.

Paper:—Social Christianity.—Miss Luella C. Donnan, Lake Presbytery.

Testimony Meeting:—What has this convention been to you? One minute "Farewells."

Notices.

The fact that THE MAGAZINE is sent and received is deemed a sufficient acknowledgment of moneys received for subscription, but a special receipt will be mailed to those desiring it, on sending an addressed postal card.

It is desired that money be sent by draft, post-office or express order, or by registered letter, which may be done at our risk. If postage stamps are sent they *must not* be of a higher denomination than two cents, and should be carefully wrapped so as not to adhere.

Resolutions, notices of death, etc., intended for publication in the MAGAZINE, are charged for at the rate of *one cent per word*, payable in advance. Persons sending in such articles can readily calculate the cost and should remit the money with the subscription.

STUDIES FOR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FOR 1894.

MAY.—Our Congregational Societies.
JUNE.—The Women's Board and General Society.
JULY.—Mission in Egypt.
AUGUST.—Mission in India.
SEPT.—Home Missions.
OCT.—Warm Springs Mission.
NOV.—Freedmen's Missions.
DEC.—Our Benevolent Institutions, a Review.

PROGRAMME FOR MAY.

Sing Ps. 48, S. M., 9-12.
Scripture Lesson, Phil. 2:1-16.
Subject, "Our Congregational Societies."

Woman's organized missionary work dates from 1861, when the Woman's Union Missionary Society was formed, including the women of all evangelical denominations, for the purpose of sending single women as missionaries to foreign fields. This marked the begining of a new and important stage in the growth of Christian missions. The need was so great that the women of all denominations soon became deeply interested and societies were organized. What was sown in weakness has been literally raised in power; the grain of mustard seed has become a wide-spreading tree. Every department of the church's work has felt the stimulating effects of these societies, and the wilderness and solitary places have been made glad by these efforts and gifts. There are 110 women's missionary organizations; of these 36 are in the United States, 15 in Canada, and the remainder in Europe. They have an aggegate annual income of about two and a half million dollars, and have sent out about two thousand missionaries.

This topic affords an opportunity for many to take part. Faith and hope will be stimulated by viewing what God hath wrought in our own church since the organization of our missionary societies. (See Annual Report.) The christian woman who sees that all that is best in her, or her surroundings, she owes to the gospel, should not fail to join heart and hand with this organized woman's wor

for woman in heathen lands. Reasons given; short talks or papers:

1st—Individual responsibility will diffuse knowledge.

2nd.—The more the work is divided the greater the interest.

3rd.—The greater the interest, the the deeper will be the growth in grace and the greater the liberality.

4th.—Responsibility, knowledge, interest, growth in grace, liberality—all will be helpful to pastor and church, in advancing Christ's Kingdom.

Prayer for our missionaries and workers who have been in sorrow, and for all who have been brought into the light in our missions the past year.

P. S., 72, C. M., 14–18.

MONIES RECEIVED FOR PUBLISHING MINUTES OF THE W. G. M. SOCIETY AT OMAHA.

Amount previously acknowledged	$492.90
Xenia Pres.—Fall Creek	1 00
Wheeling Pres.—1st Wheeling	2 00
Oregon Pres—1st Portland	1 00
Arkansas Valley Pres.—1st Sterling	1 00
Mansfield Pres.—Fredericksburg	1 00
Whole amount received	$498.90
Whole amount needed	625.25
Deficit	$126.35

MRS. J. G. CARSON, Treas. of Minutes Fund.

It has been found necessary at the last moment to leave the Treasurer's Report for January and February over to next month, we are sorry to say.

Reports of Societies, Etc.

March Report Women's Board.

Room No. 8, Jackson Building, cor. Penn Ave. and Sixth St., Pittsburg, Pa., March 6th, 1894.

The first meeting of the Women's Board in their new headquarters as given above was held Tuesday, March 6. Mrs. H. C. Campbell was appointed Secretary pro tem. Devotional exercises were conducted by the President; prayer by Miss Brown, and special prayer by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter in behalf of the constitutional amendment now pending before the Judiciary committee in Washington, D. C., placing the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in the Constitution of the United States.

Foreign Secretary reports Miss Logan, of India, very sick with measles and pneumonia. Dr. White is slowly improving, and has left for America. Miss Smith sends an interesting account of the work and the workers. Miss McCahon has been appointed Chairman of the Hospital Committee in India. We are urged to send two new missionaries to India this year, and have decided to do so; also two to Egypt.

Church Extension Secretary reports a great deal of busiuess in this department, taking so much time that an adjourned meeting was held March 13' to hear the reports of Home and Freedmen secretaries, treasurers and new business.

Home Secretary reports from the Warm Springs Indians that they are very much opposed to the proposed consolidation of the schools at the mission. A committee has been appointed to go to Washington in the interests of the Indians. Secretary also reports from Topeka, San Jose and San Francisco.

Freedmen's Secretary gives the usual financial and industrial reports from the several fields. The burning of Knoxville College has, of course, disarranged the work there, but we hope the building will soon be rebuilt and the work go on as usual.

Treasurer reports February receipts, $1564.36; disbursements, $8992.99.

Mrs. W. J. Reid has been appointed to represent the Board at the General Assembly to meet in Albany, Oregon, in May.

We are in receipt of a letter from ths President of the General Missionary society conveying the sad news of the death of her father, which occurred at Wilsonville, Nebraska, a few weeks ago. She has the tender sympathy of the members of the Board in this great trial.

The new headquarters of the Board is, as stated before, on the corner of Penn Ave. and 6th Street, Pittsburg, Pa. It is a good sized room in the third floor, reached by elevator; has two large windows, stationary, wash-stand, chairs and

desk; also a *looking glass*. We will be pleased to see any of our friends at any time, and if no one is at home please leave your card. MARY W. PORTER, Sec'y.

TO PRESBYTERIAL TREASURERS.

We regret to be obliged again to urge Presbyterial Treasurers to collect the balance of the money due for publishing the Minutes of 1893—1894. The time for another convention is drawing near, and we are anxious to have our old debts paid before we contract new ones. The publishers have been very patient, but the money has been earned and should be paid as contracted for. Let us go to the convention with the credit of the society in such shape that the publishers will seek employment from us rather than decline it. About $126.35 yet due. MRS. MARY W. PORTER,
General Secretary.

QUESTION DRAWER.

[Address communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 314 W. 5th Street, Erie, Pa.]

1st. "Under the recent action of the W. G. M. S. in regard to the delegate fund, if a Presbyterial Society entitled to *two* delegates, sends but one, and half or more than half the entire assessment be paid by the Presbyterial, will the entire expenses of one delegate be paid?"

Yes. The entire expenses of the one delegate will be paid out of the fund. The action was that a society contributing to the delegate fund should have the expenses of their delegates paid in the same pro rata. So if the presbyterial sends *one half* of its assessment it is certainly entitled to the expenses of one half of the number of delegates to which it is entitled.

2nd. Are mission bands counted in assessment and representation?

This varies in different presbyteries; some never include mission bands in their representation, and some always do. The several constitutions of the presbyteries decide this matter. But where Mission Bands, or any other organizations such as King's Daughters, Junior Missionary Societies &c., are counted as auxiliaries, and representation based thereupon, of course they are included in the assessment. This seems only fair and just. Societies are entitled to representation on a certain number of auxiliaries. Their expenses are paid out of a delegate fund, which is made up from an assessment of twenty five cents from every member of the afore said auxiliaries.

3rd. Will the General delegate fund cover the expenses of those delegates who are not the representatives of Presbyterial Societies, such as the members of the Women's Board, the MAGAZINE committee, the Women's Association, life members and the officers of the General Society.

I am unable to answer this question for anyone but myself, this phase of it not having come before the Finance committee. As matters now are the expenses of the president, secretary and treasurer are paid out of the contingent fund of the Board.

No member of the Women's Board has ever had her expenses paid to the General Convention. All the Secretaries are generally in attendance at the conventions, but they go at their "own charges." They each do their work cheerfully and heartily, and in addition they respond to many invitations from presbyterial and congregational societies to present their work, but in almost every case they pay their *own* expenses; being so desirous of having the women of the church intelligently informed concerning the work of their Board, that they gladly incur both the labor and the expense. Some presbyterials always offer to pay expenses, but they are examples to the others.

The expenses of the MAGAZINE committee have never been paid by the General Society or its Board. I am not positively sure, but I think its expenses are met out of the MAGAZINE treasury, and consider it only just that such should be the case. The members of the MAGAZINE committee do all their work without any salary, and it seems only fair that when they go to report the work of the year they should take their travelling expenses at least out of the MAGAZINE treasury.

The hope was that, if the general delegate fund should meet with favor from the women of the church at the assessment named, that there would be sufficient money in the fund to pay the travelling expenses of the officers of the General Missionary Society, all persons invited to take part in the program, all delegates, and *perhaps* the secretaries of the different departments of the work of the Women's Board.

It was never thought that the expenses of Life members should be included. It would hardly be considered good business policy to allow a woman to become a life member of the society, with the privilege of voting at every meeting, for twenty-five dollars, and in addition pay all her traveling expenses, which, in the majority of instances, would amount to more than the fee mentioned. If such were the case I am sure the number of names on our life-membership list would rapidly increase.

The expenses of the delegate from the United Presbyterian Women's Association will always be met by the Association electing her. In fact the Association would not, I am sure, consent to any other arrangement, even if the money in the general delegate fund should justify the proposition to pay her expenses.

The question of a general delegate fund was discussed in the March meeting of the I. M. S., of Erie, Pa. The society was unanimously in favor of a general delegate fund, but think the assessment made by the General Society too high.

On December 23, 1893 the Royal Messenger entered our ranks and whispered to one of the King's Daughters, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," and Mrs. Mary Gillis responded quickly to the call.

Hardly had the Messenger withdrawn from among us than he returned, and the sudden silent departure of another of the King's handmaidens made our hearts doubly sad. "Mrs. Hume has gone home" were the words spoken on the bright Sabbath morning of December 24.

Two happy homes broken up, two hearts wrung with grief, one little boy made motherless, two Christian husbands caused to lean heavily upon the "Almighty Arm."

We, as a Women's Missionary Society, wish to bear testimony to the nobleness of the Christian characters of these our sisters. Of each one it may truly be said, "She made home happy," and friends were always welcome to her hearth.

They are not, for God has taken them, and with Christian joy we can think of them as being with him, and "satisfied."

Resolved, That we give to the bereaved ones the assurance of our Christian sympathy in their loss, and that on their behalf we pray the presence with them of the Abiding Comforter, in His consoling power. E. M. WILLIAMSON, M. L. MCARA. } COM.

Engraved by John Sartain. Phil.a

Mrs. J. G. Carson.